The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1911.

CARRINGTON AT THE PENITENTIARY.

There is a good deal of talk about appointing some other physician to take the place of Dr. Charles V. Carrington as surgeon to the Virginia State Penitentiary. What for? Why should there be any change in this office? Who else is better fitted for it than the incumbent? What has he done, or failed to do, that would justify the Governor of the State in naming any other physician to take his place? This is not a political office, and should not be regarded as one of the loaves and fishes to be distributed among the workers. It is not a personal possession to be given away for personal reasons. It is an office that should be filled by the fittest person, and the fittest person, it seems to us, is the man who has filled it with distinction, who has been faithful to his trust, who has initiated reforms, who has converted the State Prison from a breeding-place of disease and death into an institution where the inmates are treated with humanity, where the sick are well cared for and the death rate has been greatly reduced. The year before Dr. Carrington began his services as physician to the penitentiary there were thirty-seven deaths among the 1,130 inmates of the prison; the average number of prisoners in the penitentiary during the last fiscal year was 1,265, and the number of deaths was 9 per 1,000. The difference between 37 and 9 is the difference between the management of Dr. Carrington and the management of the penitentiary before he began his great work.

Why should there be any talk of putting somebody else, anybody else, in his place? If he had not made good, if he had neglected his duties, if under his administration the sanitary condition of the pen had not been improved, if he had failed in any way to give good service to the State, we should say he ought to go; but why a tried and efficient officer in a place which should be free from the touch of personal politics should be put out to put somebody else in, is one of the many things which we cannot understand. It may be that there is nothing in the stories that a change in this office is to be made; there has been no official proclamation on the subject, at least, and for the present we prefer to believe that the appointing power would not make a change just for the sake of a change, or make any change without giving due consideration to the welfare of the public service. Dr. Carrington should be kept where he is, because he has proved his fitness for his place.

DEAD AGAINST HARMONY.

In the last number of The Catalogue, Mr. Bryan comes out strong against "Harmony" in the Democratic party. He doesn't want it, won't have it, if he can help it, and vociferates that "the men who are now preaching harmony should understand that harmony will cost the party its chances of success. We have not had harmony in the party for fifteen years, but we have seen the progressive element of the party dominating the political thought of the country, and it is ready to sweep the country. Shall we turn over the fighting to the progressive Republicans? . . . What we need is not harmony, but a straightforward fight for principle in behalf of the public—such a fight will win."

We do not know what effect this sermon will have on the party; but it shows very clearly where Mr. Bryan stands, that he is willing to die rather than yield; to rule or ruin the party as he has ruled and ruined it for sixteen years. He has raised the war cry against Wall Street again, declares that "Wall Street is bribing the corruptible, fooling the gullible and frightening the timid," and that "the Wall Street crowd will be at the next convention, as usual, ready to sell harmony at wholesale at the regular price, namely, the betrayal of the public." Down with the Wall Street crowd! Up with the banner of the Invincible Leader of the Democratic Party once more; the Boy Orator of the Platte, the Irreproachable Master of Men and Assemblies, the Great Unforgiving Tribune of the People! Harmony, avaunt! The Democratic party can't win without it, but that is no reason why we should have it. Divided counsels, reckless experiments, irreconcilable antagonisms, partisan differences, broken confidences, helpless warfare—these are the elements of the great Nebraskan's strength.

"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

As matter of fact, the only time the Democrats have won since Mr. Bryan assumed the mastery of the party was when the party refused to follow his leadership, when, tired of the unnatural divisions he had cultivated, the voters made up their minds to act on their own responsibility, and with the result that in the present Congress the Democrats have an overwhelming majority. Mr. Bryan sought to make s influence in the organization of the Senate felt; his advice was rejected and the Democrats in the Senate were never more effectively organized or capable of doing more and better work. He "demanded" that the Democrats in the House should follow him; they followed Underwood, under whose leadership they have been welded together in a fighting force not known before since the malign influence of the Nebraskan obtained possession of the party. He submitted a catechism of paramount questions to the Democratic candidates for President. Only one of them was weak enough to answer.

Not satisfied with the intimations he has received that his advice is not regarded as in any sense necessary to the success of Democratic measures, Mr. Bryan now holds up harmony in the party to the derision of the multitude. This is really the queerest of the many vagaries of Our Candidate; but we know him well enough to think that this is not the last card he has to play in his little game against the Democracy. Will he be a candidate for President? Is the weather cold at the North Pole?

TALKED ABOUT THE TRUSTS.

President Taft spoke at Detroit yesterday. His subject was "Trusts." He said nothing in favor of these industrial combinations in restraint of trade, combinations which were created and fostered, it must not be forgotten, by the political party whose support Mr. Taft is now seeking for another term in the White House. His exposition of the recent decisions of the Supreme Court was entirely in keeping with the views already expressed by this newspaper; the meaning of the anti-trust statute has been made clear after twenty years of litigation, and we do not see how any contract in restraint of trade, made for the purpose of excluding competition, controlling prices, or of maintaining a monopoly where it affects interstate trade, can escape the condemnation of the law as finally construed by the highest Court in the land. The decision of the Court is not legislation, but construction of legislation which would not by literal interpretation accomplish the purposes for which the legislation was designed.

We agree with Mr. Taft that the decisions of the Supreme Court have cleared the air, that combinations hereafter formed in restraint of trade will be formed against the light; that the combinations heretofore formed must be dissolved; that we can get along without monopoly; that we can get along with competition; that the public interest has been conserved by the decisions of the Supreme Court; that amendment of the anti-trust law would only result in further embarrassment to the business interests of the country, and that the business men of the country must square themselves to the necessity of competition "or we must proceed to State socialism and vest the Government with power to run every business."

Mr. Taft's speech on the subject of the trusts and his exposition of the meaning of the decisions of the Supreme Court were exactly what might have been expected from him, in view of his frequent discussion of the same subjects; but wait until he tackles the question of the tariff and his failure to approve the work of the Congress which gave him a chance to carry out the pledges of his party and his own pledges to revise the tariff downward, and there will be doubtless quite enough points of difference to make the debate both interesting and instructive, not only in the newspapers, but on the stump and in Congress when this issue of all issues is presented for the decision of the people and of their representatives.

AFTER SIXTY YEARS.

Sixty years ago, on the 18th of September, the first number of the New York Times was printed. Its editor was Henry J. Raymond and its publisher George Jones. Raymond owned a fifth interest in the paper, Jones owned one-half, and E. B. Wesley the remainder. The capital stock was $40,000. The paper was issued from a narrow, ill-fitted building in Nassau Street. It was a small folio, with four pages of six columns each, and was sold at one cent a copy or delivered by carrier at 6¼ cents the week. Since that day in 1851 The Times has changed its home five times, and is now building a new house in Forty-third Street, far above the city limits when it first began business. It has grown from very small beginnings into an enormously big affair.

Yesterday it celebrated its sixtieth birthday with a special edition, filled with a complete story of its life and times, the men who made it, the varied experiences and vicissitudes through which it has passed, and the reasons for its existence. It is a moving story of lofty ambition, worthy purpose and high achievement. Many newspaper men of distinction celebrated the event with communications touching directly or remotely upon the history of the paper, the duty and obligations of the Press, the art of newspaper-making, and so on. When The Times was started, New York City had a population of about half a million; to-day it has a population of 4,766,883, and the little thumb-paper of Jones and Raymond and Wesley has kept even pace with the magnificent growth of the great community in which it has ever been a power for good. It is now read daily by 200,000 people, and last year its cost of production was more than $2,250,000. As The Times says in its birthday felicitations to itself and its readers: "In trying to serve the public well it has best served itself. Its sixtieth year has been the most prosperous in its history." Our most hearty congratulations to the men who make it every day and to the people whom it serves and to the guild to which it belongs. Length of days and long life and peace to The Times and its people.

This birthday edition of our big contemporary contains a great deal of food for thought about newspapers and what they are and what they ought to be. "From the beginning the founders and the makers of The Times have held it and regarded it, not as an instrument of private service and utility, but as an institution devoted to the public use. . . Its guide has been the conscientious judgment of its conductors in determining what aims and causes, what men and measures, ought to be helped on and encouraged for the good of the community and the country." That must be a rather hard ambition to live up to, for so many of the newspapers fail to reach it; but The Times has lived up to its principles and grown rich and powerful in doing it. In the opinion of Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield Republican, who has contributed a valuable article to this birthday number, the guiding principle and purpose in newspaper-making is "to convey information, to present truthfully, accurately, a daily record of the world's essential activities, movements, experiences, tendencies. The newspaper producer may reasonably seek to make his sheet entertaining and attractive, as well as informing; he may properly lend the influence of his editorial page to certain causes; but such features should be subordinate to the main purpose, and when the editor voluntarily or under coercion deliberately distorts and exaggerates the record of facts, and particularly when he consciously magnifies evil, for the purpose of selling papers, he becomes false to his trust and an enemy of society."

The present editor of The Times is Charles Ransom Miller, a Dartmouth College man, and a most accomplished writer and sound thinker. The publisher of The Times is Adolph S. Ochs, who learned how to make a newspaper down in Chattanooga, and who has achieved amazing success in the larger metropolitan field. That the people who work with him in the making of The Times think well of him was evidenced in their congratulations to him on his fiftieth birthday, which occurred last March, and which they expressed in these happy terms:

"In their daily relation of co-workers, they have found you just, considerate, resourceful, enlightened of view, undaunted by difficulties and unspoiled by success, preferring always the straight and open way to the path of indirection, as mindful of public responsibility as of private duty, loyal to principle even at the cost of present advantage; and they are prompted by sentiments of very real friendship and respect to tender you in this way their good wishes."

It was worth living and working for fifty years to win and deserve such a tribute as that, and we hope that he will be able to run out at least another fifty years, just to see The Times continue to grow.

THE WEAKNESSES OF THE LAW.

The Kansas City Journal says that sometimes the law is weak in little things and sometimes weak in big ones. A cold-blooded, unprovoked murder took place on the streets of Kansas City, in plain view of several spectators. After a delay of five years the law is powerless to fasten the crime on anybody. That is "one of the big weaknesses"—not so much of the law as of its administration. Another man "beats up" a woman on the street, and the law regards it as a misdemeanor, when it should be a felony. That should be remedied. An undertaker gets from a poor widow money to give her husband a decent burial, a sum small in itself, but large to her. Instead of applying the money to the purpose for which it was given and taken, the body is buried in the potter's field, and the law of Kansas says that there is no actionable offense of any sort committed—though the undertaker was induced to return the price of another lot, burial in which removes the brand of pauperism. The law should provide some sort of punishment for so bold a betrayal of trust, even if the undertaker had lost some money on the job.

In Kansas an unusually barbaric outrage was perpetrated by a bunch of cowards upon a defenseless woman, who was subjected to indignities that would have been unworthy of savages. Again the law is "hazy" as to whether the criminals can be sent to the penitentiary or escape with only a nominal punishment. The voice of the law ought to be lifted against such crimes. The penalty of the law should be commensurate with the aggravated nature of the crime. "There is little danger that the law will be too harsh," says the Journal. "The danger is all the other way in most instances, and it is rarely outside the comic opera that the 'punishment' really 'fits the crime.'"

"THERE AIN'T NO WEST."

A Kansas City boy a few days ago in a moving picture show saw wild and woolly picture stories of the West. Indians jumped up and down in their war dances, brandished tomahawks and scalped pale-faces with much action. Cowboys thundered up at the last minute just in time to save the beauteous maid from a fearful fate at the hands of the rapacious redskins; then returned to the ranch and galloped around herds of buffaloes. The prairies beckoned and the canons called to the lad. He dreamed of himself as a cowboy hero, clad in bearskin chaps and armed with at least two six-shooters.

So the boy stealthily slipped away from home. He caught a freight train and started out into the Wyoming wilds. The disillusionment came slowly. He saw nobody in the West that could have been used in a "woolly" motion picture show without a good bit of making up. Cowboys in chaps, wearing big pistols, were not in evidence. Street cars were running along the old Indian trails. The boy was disappointed and disillusioned. He felt that he had been cheated.

Finally, the thought of home came to him, and he went back to Kansas City. Ashamed to face his father, he hid, and at last was haled into the juvenile court, where he told the result of his journey of discovery. He said:

"There ain't no West."

Sure enough, "there ain't." Lads who see Indians with scalping knives on the motion picture warpath cannot find them in real life ever so far out West. The Indian of to-day is a very peaceable person. Rarely does he live in a tepee of boughs. He wears store-bought clothes. His children go to school.

All this suggests to the Savannah News that "it might be a good plan for all motion pictures to bear the date of their supposed action." Let scalping scenes be dated 1885 or sooner. The almost extinct cowboy of the old West and the "bad man" should be so dated that youths may be spared the journey in search of that which is no more.

GLAD HE STAYED AWAY.

There were twenty-five Governors at the Conference out of forty-six. Among the absentees was His Excellency, the Hon. Coleman Livingston Blease, Governor of South Carolina, and somebody has offered what the Raleigh News and Observer calls "a fitting rebuke to South Carolina's Governor, who was not present at the Conference of Governors when the biggest question of this generation came before that body." The rebuke consisted in the statement that while it was of interest, it was of no significance, that "the State of Calhoun and McDuffie, the State of Nullification, the State that protested when the 'Star of the West' was sailing to the relief of Fort Sumter, and that led to all the other States in protesting to the point of separation from the Union, was not represented."

But the protestant seemed to forget that having done all this, the State of Calhoun and McDuffie, and the rest of the rigmarole noted, should have been excused from taking part in one of the most foolish things the Conference of Governors has done. Besides, Governor Blease had "a previous engagement." He was attending the convention of the Redmen at Cleveland, Ohio, an almost equally important gathering of the real sovereigns of this country, and it was better for the good reputation of his State that he was at Cleveland than if he had been at Spring Lake.

WHO PAID THE BILLS?

The cost of The Colonel's African hunting trip was $50,000, of which $57,000 was paid by the Smithsonian Institution, acting for several men of wealth who contributed privately the money.

Who are these men? What relation did they bear to the famous sportsman when he was in the White House?

The Colonel began making arrangements for this expedition more than a year before he left the Presidency. It is believed that while he was in that office he committed the Smithsonian Institution to the enterprise. He went almost directly from the White House to the wilderness. No other President or King ever went hunting in so much pomp or at so much expense.

Very fairly, then, does the St. Louis Republic say: "We think the people would like to know who footed the bills. We believe also that they have a right to know."

We believe so, too.

WHY WE HAVE FIRES.

Former Fire Chief Edward F. Croker gives in the current number of "World's Work" some reasons why we lose yearly millions of dollars and thousands of lives on account of fire. These reasons are:

Carelessness in factories, which in most cases means dirt and rubbish and oily waste.

Carelessness in the use of matches. Who stops to watch where a lighted match falls after it has been used to light a cigar or cigarette?

Bad electrical wiring.

Careless housekeeping.

Dark and dirty hallways. People at night scratch matches to find their way about, and throw the match in a corner into a pile of rubbish, and a few hours later there is a call for the firemen.

Dark basements. Tenants go down after coal or wood with a candle or with matches. A startling number of bad fires occur in this very way.

Oil stoves.

Old-fashioned oil lamps.

Cigar and cigarette stubs.

All these causes are easily removed. A little more carefulness, and the fire loss would be vastly decreased.

SUBSTITUTES FOR EGGS.

The evil days are upon us. Anticipating the high price of eggs, an American concern is making an egg substitute. It is being used widely in the United States, and in England is even more extensively demanded. The British article is sold by almost every grocer. One brand of egg powder sells at 8 to 16 cents the tin, according to size, and another at 8 to 14 cents, or 11 cents per dozen small packets. There is also a new product known as "Eggo," which is declared to consist of new laid eggs in the form of powder, which is retailed at 23 cents the carton.

These substitutes are not sold through agents, but directly by the makers to the various retail stores and grocers; they are well known and widely used. A method often adopted to spread the sale of such articles is to deliver small samples at householders' residences, with names of nearest retailers.

The prices of eggs on the wholesale London market in the first week in August, per ten dozen, were: French, $2 to $2.80; Italian, $2 to $2.24; Danish, $1.88 to $2.36; Hungarian, $1.46 to $1.94; Russian, $1.52 to $1.76; English, $2.43 to $3.04.

A TREE'S VALUE.

A construction company in New York cut down a tree and the owner sued for damages and was awarded $500. It was a fine tree, no finer than many other trees. The decision is important, because it shows that the law regards a tree as valuable. On account of that tree, the public derived much pleasure, and this fact entered into the value from the owner's viewpoint. The intrinsic value of the tree might not have been great. There was not more than $40 worth of wood in the tree, but there was $500 worth of pleasure to the owner and his neighbors together.

SIGNS OF THE HAND.

Dr. Holmes, the psychologist of the University of Pennsylvania, who is remembered in Richmond as a speaker at the great rally of the men's Bible classes two years ago, lately addressed the Delaware County teachers' institute in Indiana. He said:

"The hands of an imbecile or mentally deficient person are almost always smooth, with a pink skin like that of a baby, and when the hand is allowed to relax the fingers assume a straight position. Sometimes the fingers are short and stumpy, and have bumps on them, although they may never have been used to manual labor."

The doctor goes on, adding tests. If a child use its thumb and fingers in picking up a pencil or other object, it is normal, according to the psychologist. If one, in grasping a bar to pull himself up, places his thumb on the opposite side of the bar, he is normal; but he is deficient if he put the thumb on the same side with the fingers, as monkeys do.

John H. Fahey, formerly a newspaper slave, but now a free man, living in clover on what he made out of the business, has been "doing Europe" this summer, and when last heard from was at St. Andrews, Scotland. In a note, written on a post-card and not intended for publication, he says: "The chief industries of this town are Golf and Presbyterianism. I believe you would do well here; for you would qualify for the latter game if not for the former. I hope you are living up to the tenets of your form of superstition, as well as you can, in Richmond." Wright and Otis and Gray will all join in the chorus: "The best Chairman ever."

It has now been discovered that the stone of Scone, on which the Kings and Queens of England sit when they are crowned, is the same from which Moses struck water for the children of Israel on their long march through the wilderness. It has also been claimed that this stone was the one used by Joseph for his pillow at Bethel. Canon Wilberforce astonished the congregation at Westminster Abbey on Sunday by saying in his sermon that the stone was really the one Moses used in the wilderness. However this may have been, there is no evidence to support the theory, which is almost certain to be advanced, that the stone was found at the base of Chimney Rock, in North Carolina.

It is speedily becoming plain that Charles W. Glidden, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, the 58-ears-of-corn-eater, has a small capacity. George Murdoch on the U. S. S. Chester ate a trial meal early last week in which he consumed four dozen scrambled eggs and a couple of steaks. A. A. Hudd, fireman on the U. S. S. Nebraska, is also some eater. Between 10:45 P. M. and 12:05 A. M. he got away with three dozen oysters, four sirloin steaks, two small steaks, four platters of French-fried potatoes, eighteen scrambled eggs, the usual bread and butter, one custard and two apple pies, nine glasses of milk and one cup of coffee. At 12:05 he leaned back and smoked three cigars to help out his digestion.

Later information received from Hartford is to the effect that the editor of The Courant was not present at the reception to Governor Harmon because he was not invited. That was, of course, a good reason why he should have stayed away; but it was pure bungling on the part of the managers of the event that he was not invited. He is the sort of Republican that is worth converting.

A New York magistrate has ruled that the cucumber is a fruit. It seems strange that any one should have ever thought that it was not. Cucumber pie is a favorite with Petersburg people, and is highly regarded in other circles of culture. The "cow-cumber" has been much maligned, but it is one of the choicest desserts.

Probably it is Harmon and not "Harmony" that Mr. Bryan objects to and would crush out in the party.

Voice of the People

The West Virginia Debt.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Let us suppose that West Virginia desires to pay its debt, but does not care to settle on the cash basis. Why not return to Virginia Alsace and Lorraine, the counties of Berkeley and Jefferson? This would square out the line, be handsome amends and extinguish the debt. No calculation has been made, but it is presumed that the assessed value of those counties would be about equal to the principal, and their tax income would take care of the interest.

ALFRED J. MORRISON.
Hampden-Sidney, Va., September 18.

Daily Queries and Answers

Location of Missions.

Give the locations of the old missions in California. Y.

San Francisco Solano mission, Sonoma; San Rafael Archangel, San Rafael; San Francisco de Asis, San Francisco; Santa Clara, Santa Clara; San Jose mission, San Jose; Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz; San Juan Bautista, near Sargents, San Carlos Borromeo, near Monterey; Nuestra Senora de la Soledad, near Soledad; San Antonio, de Padua, twenty-six miles from King City; San Juan Capistrano, near San Juan; San Antonio de Pala, at Pala; San Luis Rey de Francis, Oceanside; San Diego de Alcala, near San Diego; San Miguel, San Miguel; San Luis Obispo, San Luis Obispo; La Purissima Concepcion, near Lompoc; Santa Ynez, near Los Olivios; Santa Barbara, Santa Barbara; San Buena Ventura, Ventura; San Fernando, near San Fernando; San Gabriel Archangel, near Los Angeles.

Gold.

What is the value of gold? W.

Four cents a grain, or $19.20 an ounce.

Violin.

Can you give me any information regarding a violin on which is the following inscription: "Antonius Stradivarius. Cremonensis. Faciebat, Anno 17"? G.

The quoted language is not correct, because the famous violin maker of Cremona was named Stradivarius, and he lived from 1649 to 1737. The value of an instrument bearing the name and date of the make of this violin maker can only be told upon examination by an expert.

Inventor's Wife.

Where can I find the poem entitled "The Inventor's Wife?" H. R.

This poem, by Mrs. E. T. Corbett, is to be found in "Choice Dialect" and in "Choice Selections," 26, in "Soper's Scrap Book of Recitations," 13, and in "Treasury of Humorous Poetry."

Pythian.

What is the membership of the order of Knights of Pythias? O.

At the beginning of the current year the membership was 706,922.

Relationship.

What relation is my niece's boy to me? Also, what relation is the boy's father to me? K.

Grandnephew. The father is no relation.

RARE WORKS SENT TO IMPERIAL LIBRARIES

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

AMONG the rarest works contained in a few of the royal and imperial libraries of Europe, are certain annual contributions from the Vatican. Each year the Pontiff sends to the Emperor of Austria, to the Kings of Spain, of Belgium, and of Saxony, as well as to the Regent of Bavaria, a volume, most artistically bound in white vellum, and adorned with the pontifical arms in gold, containing a Latin summary of the confidential annual reports supplied to the Holy Father by his nuncios, internuncios and delegates abroad. The Latin is of the most exquisite purity; and inasmuch as this practice has been in vogue for the last 300 years, and none have received these books save Catholic sovereigns of countries in which Roman Catholicism is the state religion, they are exceedingly rare. For even nations, such as France, which have abolished monarchical forms of government, or broken with the Vatican have nevertheless been keenly alive to the value of the volumes as literary and historic treasures, and have retained them as such in the state archives, or else in the national library. I learn, however, that the new republic in Lisbon, which is now engaged in converting into sorely needed cash much of the former crown property, is likewise endeavoring to sell the collection of these papal reports, that belonged to the former Kings of Portugal; and although there is likely to be some heavy bidding on the part of the state libraries of Germany, of Russia, and of the British Museum in London, they would prove a remarkable accession to some public institution or private library, such as that of J. Pierpont Morgan, in the United States. That is why I take this opportunity of calling attention to their impending sale.

Emperor Nicholas has just issued an amendment to the family laws of the house of Romanoff: the first change since they were completely reorganized by his father, Alexander III., in July, 1886. According to the statutes as then decreed, it was provided that marriages of princes and princesses of the house of Romanoff should be restricted to members of reigning dynasties, and that all other matrimonial alliances should be considered as of no account. In fact, Alexander III. instituted a degree of exclusivism in matrimonial letters that not even the Hapsburgs have ever dreamt of enforcing.

The amendment just inaugurated by Nicholas II. increases the range of consorts for scions of the house of Romanoff. For it declares that the latter are no longer restricted in their choice to reigning dynasties, but can from henceforth select their helpmates from among the dethroned sovereigns' families, and even from the mediatized houses of the Central European nobility.

It was necessary for the Czar to do this, in order to enable the marriage to take place of Princess Tatjana, daughter of Grand Duke Constantine, to Prince Constantine Bagration, of the Chevalier Gardes regiment, and who, member of the royal family that formerly reigned over the kingdom of Georgia, can trace his descent in an unbroken line from the biblical King David.

Among the most useless things that are presented to royalty are engrossed and illuminated addresses from public bodies and institutions. It is doubtful whether they are ever read by the personages for whom they are intended. If presented on some state occasion, they are immediately handed by the more or less distinguished recipient to an attendant; and that is the last that he sees of them. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, he does not see them at all. Thus, when King Edward died, the addresses of condolence to King George, and of wishes for the success of his reign, numbered upwards of 30,000. They came not only from every municipality, from every philanthropic association, corporate body, public institution, and even mere clubs, in Great Britain and Ireland, but also from similar bodies in the various colonies. In fact, it would have been almost a human impossibility for King George to have read them all. It is reported that there are no less than 15,000 of them lying still unopened at the Home Department in Downing Street, all hailing from different parts of Great Britain. At the Department of the Colonies there are nearly as many more still unpacked; while the Foreign Office has likewise its share of these testimonials of regard for the late King, and of good will for King George, from British communities and societies in foreign cities, and even from foreign bodies.

All these addresses have received a stereotyped official acknowledgment. But that does not mean they have ever been seen by King George, and one is tempted to ask oneself what possible use there can be in wasting the trouble and money in sending such utterly useless things. Some of them are handsomely framed, others contained in caskets, and under the circumstances it is fortunate that the government departments at Whitehall have enormous cellar accommodation, where they may be left to molder and rot.

In the library of the King of the Belgians at Brussels, situated in an annex of the royal palace, in a two-storied structure, hidden under a romantic garb of greenery, there are many thousands of addresses, tendered to Leopold I. and Leopold II., throughout their respective long reigns; addresses from every part of their dominions, in honor of all sorts of occasions, and also addresses from the municipality of London and of other foreign cities which they had visited. They are piled away there under the stair-cases, the majority of them in boxes and packages that have never been opened since their receipt, and which are slowly being eaten away by weevils, without any attempt to preserve them, on the part of the librarians, who justly look upon them as merely so much rubbish.

How little even the members of the imperial house of Hapsburg knew about the late Empress Elizabeth, is shown in a rather striking fashion in the "Reminiscences" of the ex-Crown-princess of Saxony, which have just been published here and in Europe. She devotes a considerable amount of attention to the Empress in the book, but practically admits that it is nearly all second-hand gossip, since she scarcely knew her murdered kinswoman, having only seen her three times in her life: once when she was a child of eleven, and she happened to encounter her in a corridor of the Hofburg, and received a kindly smile as Elizabeth passed by without speaking. The second occasion on which the ex-crownprincess saw the Empress was just three months after the tragedy of Meyerling, when, having attained her legal majority, she was presented by her mother, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, to the Empress, at the Hofburg, in private audience, in order to receive from her hands the Order of the Star Cross. During the entire ceremony, which lasted about four minutes, the Empress did not speak a single word, constantly raising her handkerchief to her eyes to wipe away the tears that were running down her cheeks. The only other time that the ex-crownprincess ever had the opportunity of approaching the Empress, was when the latter lay in her coffin, just before the funeral.

When it is borne in mind that the ex-crownprincess was in those days a member of the imperial family and an Archduchess of Austria, and that in spite thereof she saw so little of the Empress, it will be readily understood how infinitely less her compatriots of inferior rank had the opportunity of learning to know the ill-fated consort of Emperor Francis Joseph.